AN

ELEGY

Upon the moſt

INCOMPARABLE

K. Charls the I.

Perſecuted by two Implacable

FACTIONS,

Impriſoned by the One,

And

Murthered by the Other,

January 30th 1648. 4

ELEGY

AN ELEGY

Upon the moſt Incomparable K. CHARLES the Firſt.

CAll for amazed thoughts, a wounded ſenſe
And bleeding Hearts at our Intelligence.
Call for that Trump of Death the Mandrakes Groan
Which kills the Hearers: This befits alone
Our Story which through times vaſt Kalendar
Muſt ſtand without Example or Repair.
What ſpowts of melting Clowds what endleſs ſprings
Powr'd in the Oceans lapp for offerings
Shall feed the hungry torrent of our grief
Too mighty for expreſſion or belief?
Though all thoſe moiſtures which the brain attracts
Ran from our eyes like guſhing *Cataracts*,
Or our ſad accents could out-tongue the Cryes
Which did from mournful *Hadadrimmon* riſe
Since that remembrance of *Joſiah* ſlain
In our *King's* murther is reviv'd again.

O pardon me that but from Holy Writ
Our losse allowes no *Parallel* to it:
Nor call it bold presumption that I dare
Charles with the best of *Judah's Kings* compare:
The vertues of whose life did I prefer
The Text acquits me for no Flatterer.
For He like *David* perfect in his trust,
Was never stayn'd like Him, with Blood or Lust.
One who with *Solomon* in Judgement try'd,
Was quick to comprehend, Wise to decide,
(That even his Judges stood amaz'd to hear
A more transcendent Moover in their Sphear)
Though more Religious: for when doting Love
A while made *Solomon* Apostate proove
Charles nev'r endur'd the Truth which he profest
To be unfixt by Bosome interest.
Bold as *Jehosaphat*, yet forc'd to Fight,
And for his own, no unconcerned Right.
Should I recount His constant time of Pray'r
Each rising Morn and Ev'ning Regular
You'ld say his practice preach'd They ought not Eat
Who by devotion first not earn'd their Meat.
Thus *Hezekiah* He exceeds in Zeal,
Though not (like him) So facile to reveal
The Treasures of Gods House, or His own Heart
To be supplanted by some forein art.
And that he might in fame with *Joash* share
When he the ruin'd Temple did repair,
His cost on *Paules* late ragged Fabrick spent
Must (if no other) be His Monument.
From this Survey the Kingdom may conclude
His Merits, and her Losses Magnitude.

Nor

Nor think he flatters or blaſphemes, who tells
That *Charls* exceeds *Judea*'s Parallels,
In whom all Vertues we concentred ſee
Which 'mongſt the beſt of them divided be.
O weak built Glories! which thoſe Tempeſts feel
To force you from your firmeſt baſes reel,
What from the ſtroaks of Chance ſhall you ſecure,
When Rocks of Innocence are ſo unſure?
When the World's only mirror ſlaughter'd lies,
Envies and Treaſons bleeding ſacrifize?
As if His ſtock of Goodneſſe could become
No *Kalendar*, but that of *Martyrdom*.
See now ye curſed Mountebanks of State,
Who have *Eight years* for Reformation ſate;
You who dire *Alva*'s Counſels did transfer
To Act his Scenes on *England*'s Theater;
You who did pawn your Selves in *Publick Faith*
To ſlave the Kingdome by your Pride and Wrath;
Call the whole World to witneſſe now, how juſt,
How well you are reſponſive to your truſt,
How to your King the promiſe you perform,
With Faſts, and Sermons, and long Prayers ſworn,
That you intended *Peace* and *Truth* to bring
To make your *Charls Europes moſt Glorious King*.
Did you for this *Lift up your Hands on high*,
To Kill the King, and pluck down Monarchy?
Theſe are the Fruits by your vvild Faction ſown,
Which not Imputed are, but Born your own.
For though you wiſely ſeem to waſh your Hands,
The Guilt on every Vote and Order ſtands.
So that convinc'd from all you did before,
Juſtice muſt lay the Murther at your Door.

—*Spargun-tur in om-nes*
In te miſta fluunt—
Claudian.

call'd the Councel of Troubles.

The form of taking the Covenant, June 1643.

Mark

Mark if the Body does not Bleed anew,
In any Circumſtance approach'd by You,
From whoſe each motion we might plain deſcry
The black Oſtents of this late Tragedy.
For when the King through Storms in *Scotland* bred
To his *Great Councel* for his ſhelter fled,
When in that meeting every Error gain'd
Redreſſes ſooner granted, than Complain'd:
Not all thoſe frank Conceſſions or Amends
Did ſuit the then too Powerfull *Faction's* ends,
No Acts of Grace at preſent would Content,
Nor Promiſe of *Triennial Parl'ament*,
Till by a formal Law the King had paſt
This *Seſſion* ſhould at Your pleaſure laſt.
So having got the Bitt, and that 'twas known
No power could diſſolve You but Your own,
Your graceleſſe Junto make ſuch uſe of this,
Diodorus Siculus lib. 2. As once was practis'd by *Semiramis*;
Who ſtriving by a ſubtile Sute to prove
The largeneſſe of her Husbands Truſt and Love,
Did from the much abuſed King obtain
That for *three dayes* She might ſole Empreſſe reign:
Before which time expir'd, the bloody Wife
Depriv'd her *Lord* both of his *Crown* and *Life*.
There needs no Comment when your deeds apply
The Demonſtration of her Treachery.
Which to effect by *Abſolon's* foul wile
You of the Peoples Heart your *Prince* beguile;
Urging what Eaſes they might reap by it
Did you their *Legiſlative Judges* ſit.
How did you fawn upon, and Court the Rout,
Whoſe Clamour carry'd your whole Plot about?

How

How did you thank Seditious men that came
To bring Petitions which your ſelves did frame?
And leſt they wanted Hands to ſet them on,
You lead the way by throwing the firſt ſtone.
For in that *Libel* after Midnight born,
Wherewith your Faction labour'd till the Morn,
That famous Lye, you a *Remonſtrance* name;
Were not Reproaches your malitious aim?
Was not the *King*'s diſhonour your intent
By Slanders to traduce his Government?
All which your ſpightful Cunning did contrive
Men muſt receive through your falſe Perſpective,
In which the ſmalleſt Spots improved were,
And every Mote a Mountain did appear.
Thus *Cæſar* by th'ungrateful Senate found
His *Life* aſſaulted through his *Honor*'s Wound.
And now to make Him hopeleſſe to reſiſt,
You guide His Sword by Vote, which as you liſt
Muſt Strike or Spare (for ſo you did enforce
His Hand againſt His Reaſon to divorce
Brave *Strafford*'s Life) then wring it quite away
By your uſurping Each Militia:
Then ſeize His Magazines, of which poſſeſt
You turn the Weapons 'gainſt their Maſter's Breaſt.
This done, th'unkennell'd crew of Lawleſs men
Led down by *Watkins*, *Pennington*, and *Ven*,
Did with confuſed noiſe the Court invade;
Then all Diſſenters in Both Houſes Bay'd.
At which the King amaz'd is forc'd to flye,
The whilſt your Mouth's laid on maintain the Cry.
The Royal Game diſlodg'd and under Chaſe,
Your hot Purſute dogs Him from place to place:

Remonſtrance of the State of the Kingdom Dec. 15. 1641.

Ord. Feb. 29. *Voted* March 15 *The Navy ſeiz'd* Mar. 28. 1642. *The* London *Tumults.* Jan. 10. 1641.

Not

Not *Saul* with greater fury or diſdain
Did flying *David* from *Jeſhimon's* plain
Unto the barren Wilderneſſe purſue,
Than Cours'd and Hunted is the King by you.
The *Mountain Partridge* or the *Chaſed Roe*
Might now for Emblemes of His Fortune go.
And ſince all other May-games of the Town (down,
(Save thoſe your ſelves ſhould make) were Voted
The Clam'rous Pu'pit Hollacs in reſort,
Inviting men to your *King-catching* Sport.
Where as the Foyl grows cold you mend the Sent
By crying *Privilege of Parliament*,
Whoſe fair Pretenſions the firſt ſparkles are,
Which by your breath blown up enflame the War,
And *Ireland* (bleeding by deſign) the Stale
Wherewith for Men and Mony you prevail.
Yet doubting that Impoſture could not laſt,
When all the Kingdoms Mines of Treaſure waſte,
You now tear down *Religion's* ſacred Hedge
To carry on the Work by *Sacriledge*;
Reputing it Rebellions fitteſt Pay
To take both *God's* and *Ceſar's* dues away.
The tenor of which execrable Vote
Your over-active Zelots ſo promote,
That neither *Tomb* nor *Temple* could eſcape,
Nor *Dead* nor *Living* your Licentious Rape.
Statues and *Grave-ſtones* o're men buried
Rob'd of their Braſs, the * *Coffins* of their Led;
Not the Seventh *Henry's* gilt and curious *Skreen*,
Nor thoſe which 'mongſt our Rarities were ſeen,
The * *Cheſts* wherein the *Saxon Monarchs* lay,
But muſt be baſely ſold or thrown away.

* *At* Baſing-*Chapel Sold* Dec. 29. 1643.
* *At* Winchester.

May

May in ſucceeding times forgotten be
Thoſe bold Examples of Impiety,
Which were the Ages wonder and diſcourſe,
You have Their greateſt ills improv'd by worſe.
No more be mention'd *Dionyſius* Theft,
Who of their Gold the *Heathen Shrines* bereft;
For who with Yours His Robberies confer,
Muſt him repute a petty Pilferer.
Nor *Julian's* Scoff, who when he view'd the State
Of *Antioch's* Church, the Ornaments and Plate,
Cry'd, Meaner Veſſels would ſerve turn, or None
Might well become the birth of *Mary's Sonn*
Nor how that ſpightfull Atheiſt did in ſcorn
Piſſe on God's Table, which ſo oft had born
The hallow'd Elements his death preſent:
Nor he that fould it with his Excrement,
Then turn'd the Cloth unto that act of ſhame,
Which without trembling *Chriſtians* ſhould not name.
Nor *John of Leyden*, who the pillag'd Quires
Employ'd in *Munſter* for his own attires;
His pranks by *Hazlerig* exceeded be,
A wretch more wicked and as mad as he,
Who once in triumph led his Sumpter Moil
Proudly bedecked with the Altar's ſpoil.
Nor at *Bizantium's* ſack how *Mahomet*
In St. *Sophia's* Church his Horſes ſet.
Nor how *Belſhazzar* at his drunken Feaſts
Carows'd in holy Veſſels to his Gueſts:
Nor he that did the Books and Anthems tear,
Which in the *daily Stations* uſed were.
Theſe were poor Eſſayes of imperfect Crimes,
Fit for beginners in unlearned times,

Lactant. l. 2. c 4.

Julian. Præfectus Ægypti. Theodoret. l. 3. c. 11.

ibid.

Ganguin. l. 6.

The Carpet belonging to the Communion Table of Winchester Cathedral Dec. 18. 1642.

Adrian Emp.

Siz'd onely for that dull Meridian
Which knew no Jeſuit nor Puritan,
(Before whoſe fatal Birth were no ſuch things
As Doctrines to Depoſe and Murther Kings.)
But ſince Your prudent care Enacted well,
That there ſhould be no King in *Iſrael*,
England muſt write ſuch Annals of Your Reign
Which all Records of elder miſchiefs ſtain.
Churches unbuilt by order, others burn'd;
Whilſt *Pauls* and *Lincoln* are to Stables turn'd;
And at God's Table you might Horſes ſee
By (thoſe more Beaſts) their Riders manger'd be.
At Winchcomb in Glocester-ſhire. Some Kitchins and ſome Slaughter-houſes made,
Communion-boards and *Cloths* for Dreſſers laid:
Some turn'd to loathſome Gaols, ſo by you brought
Unto the Curſe of *Baal*'s Houſe, a Draught.
The *Common-Prayers* with the *Bibles* torn,
The *Copes* in Antick Mooriſh-Dances worn,
And ſometimes for the wearers greater mock,
The *Surplice* is converted to a Frock.
Some bringing Dogs the *Sacrament* revile,
Some with *Copronimus* the Font defile.
O God! canſt *Thou* theſe prophanations like?
If not, why is thy Thunder ſlow to ſtrike
The curſed Authors? who dare think that Thou
Doſt, when not puniſh them, their acts allow.
All which outragious Crimes, though your pretence
Would faſten on the Soldiers inſolence,
We muſt believe that what by them was done
Came licens'd forth by your probation.
For, as your ſelves with *Athaliah*'s Brood
In ſtrong contention for precedence ſtood,

You

You robb'd Two *Royall Chapels* of their Plate, Whitehal
Which Kings and Queens to God did dedicate; Windſor.
Then by a Vote more ſordid than the Stealth, Feb. 3.
Melt down and Coin it for the *Common-wealth*; 1643.
That is, give't up to the devouring jaws
Of your great *Idol Bell*, new ſtyl'd *The Cauſe*.
And though this Monſter you did well deviſe
To feed by Plunder, Taxes, Loans, Exciſe;
(All which Proviſions You the People tell
Scarce ſerve to diet Your *Pantagruel*.)
We no *ſtrew'd Aſhes* need to trace the Cheat,
Who plainly ſee what Mouthes the Meſſes eat.
Brave *Reformation*! and a through one too,
Which to enrich Your ſelves muſt All undo.
Pray tell us (thoſe that can) What fruits have grown
From all Your Seeds in Blood and Treaſure ſown?
What would you mend? when Your Projected State
Doth from the Beſt in Form degenerate?
Or why ſhould You (of All) attempt the Cure,
Whoſe Facts nor *Goſpels* Teſt nor *Laws* endure?
But like unwholſome Exhalations met
From Your Conjunction onely Plagues beget,
And in Your Circle, as Impoſthumes fill
Which by their venome the whole Body kill;
For never had You Pow'r but to Deſtroy,
Nor Will, but where You Conquer'd to Enjoy.
This was Your Maſter-prize, who did intend
To make both *Church* and *Kingdom*'s prey Your End.
'Gainſt which the King (plac'd in the Gap) did ſtrive
By *His* (till then unqueſtion'd) *Negative*,
Which finding You lack'd Reaſon to perſwade,
Your Arguments are into Weapons made;

So to compell him by main force to yield,
E of Essex *Army* Aug. 1. 1642. You had a Formed Army in the Field
Before his Reared *Standard* could invite
The Standard at Notingham Aug 25. 1642. Ten men upon his Righteous Cause to fight.
Yet ere those raised Forces did advance,
Your malice struck him dead by Ordinance,
When your Commissions the whole Kingdom swept
With Blood and Slaughter, *Not the King Except.*
Now hardned in Revolt, You next proceed
By *Pacts* to strengthen each Rebellious Deed,
June 27. 1643. New *Oaths*, and *Vows*, and *Covenants* advance,
All contradicting your *Allegiance*,
Whose Sacred knot you plainly did unty,
Declaration and Resolution of Parl. Aug. 15. 1642. When you with *Essex swore to Live and Die.*
These were your *Calves* in *Bethel* and in *Dan*,
Which *Jeroboam's* Treason stablish can,
Who by strange Pacts and Altars did seduce
The People to their Laws and and King's abuse;
All which but serve like *Scibboleth* to try
Those who pronounc'd not your Conspiracy;
That when your other Trains defective are,
Forc'd Oaths might bring Refusers to the Snare.
And lest those men your Counsels did pervert,
Might when your Fraud was seen the Cause desert,
A fierce Decree is through the Kingdom sent,
Which made it Death for any to Repent.
What strange Dilemmaes doth Rebellion make?
'Tis mortal to Deny, or to Partake:
Some Hang who would not aid your Traiterous Act,
History of English and Scotish Presbytery p. 320. Others engag'd are Hang'd if they Retract.
So Witches who their Contracts have unsworn,
By their own Devils are in pieces torn.

Thus

Thus ſtill the rageing Tempeſt higher grows,
Which in Extreams the Kings Reſolvings throws.
The face of Ruine every where appears,
And Acts of Outrage multiply our fears;
Whilſt blind Ambition by Succeſſes fed
Hath You beyond the bound of Subjects led,
Who taſting once the ſweet of Regal Sway,
Reſolved now no longer to obey.
For *Presbyterian* pride conteſts as high
As doth the Popedom for Supremacy.
Needs muſt you with unskilful *Phaeton*
Aſpire to guide the Chariot of the Sun,
Though your ill-govern'd height with lightning be
Thrown headlong from his burning Axle-tree.
You will no more *Petition* or *Debate*,
But your deſire in *Propoſitions* ſtate, *The 19 Propoſ.*
Which by ſuch Rules and Ties the *King* confine,
They in effect are Summons to *Reſign*.
Therefore your War is manag'd with ſuch ſleight,
'Twas ſeen you more prevail'd by Purſe than Might;
And thoſe you could not purchaſe to your will,
You brib'd with ſums of mony to ſit ſtill.
The *King* by this time hopeleſſe here of Peace,
Or to procure His waſted Peoples eaſe,
Which He in frequent Meſſages had try'd,
By you as oft as ſhameleſly deny'd;
Wearied by faithleſſe Friends and reſtleſſe Foes,
To certain hazard doth His Life Expoſe:
When through your Quarters in a mean diſguiſe *April 27. 1646.*
He to His Country-men for ſuccour flies, *May 5. 1646.*
Who met a brave occaſion then to ſave
Their Native King from His untimely Grave:

Had

Had he from them ſuch fair reception gain'd,
Wherewith ev'n *Achiſh David* entertain'd.
But Faith to Him or hoſpitable Laws
In your Confederate Union were no Clauſe,
Which back to you their Rendred *Maſter* ſends
To tell how *He was us'd among his friends.*
Far be it from my thoughts by this black Line
To meaſure all within that Warlick Clime;
The ſtill admir'd *Montroſs* ſome Numbers lead
In his brave ſteps of Loyalty to tread.
I onely tax a furious Party There;
Who with our Native Peſts Enleagued were.
Then 'twas you follow'd Him with Hue and Cry,
Made Midnight Searches in Each Liberty,
This Order publiſh'd by beat of Drum May 4. 1646. *Voting it death* to all without Reprieve,
Who ſhould their *Maſter* Harbor or Relieve.
Ev'n in pure pitty of both Nations Fame,
I wiſh that Act in Story had no name.
When all your Mutual Stipulations are
Converted at *Newcaſtle* to a Fair,
Where (like *His Lord*) the King the Mart is made,
Bought with *Your* Mony, and by *Them* Betraid;
For both are guilty, *They* that did Contract,
And *You* that did the fatal Bargain Act.
Which who by equal Reaſon ſhall peruſe,
Muſt yet conclude, They had the beſt Excuſe:
For doubtleſſe They (Good men) had never ſold,
But that you tempted Them with Engliſh Gold;
And 'tis no wonder if with ſuch a Sum
Our Brethrens frailty might be overcome.
What though hereafter it may prove Their Lot
To be compared with *Iſcariot?*

Yet

Yet will the World perceive which was moſt wiſe,
And who the Nobler Traitor by the Price;
For though 'tis true Both did Themſelves undo,
They made the better Bargain of the Two,
Which all may reckon who can difference
Two hundred thouſand Pounds from *Thirty Pence.*

However ſomething is in Juſtice due,
Which may be ſpoken in defence of You;
For in your Maſters Purchaſe you gave more,
Than all your *Jewiſh* kindred paid before.
And had you wiſely us'd what then you bought,
Your Act might be a Loyal Ranſom thought,
To free from Bonds your Captive Soverain,
Reſtoring Him to his loſt Crown again.

But You had other plots, your buſie hate
Ply'd all advantage on His fallen State,
And ſhew'd You did not come to bring Him Bayl,
But to remove Him to a ſtricter *Gaol*,
To *Holmby* firſt, whence taken from His Bed,
He by an Army was in triumph led;
Till on pretence of ſafety *Crommel*'s wile
Had juggel'd *Him* into the *Fatal Iſle*,
Where *Hammond* for his Jaylor is decreed,
And Murderous *Rolf* as Lieger-Hangman fee'd,
Who in one fatal Knot Two Counſels tye,
He muſt by Poiſon or by Piſtol Die.
Here now deny'd all Comforts due to Life,
His Friends, His Children, and His Peerleſſe Wife;
From *Carisbrook* He oft but vainly ſends,
And though firſt Wrong'd, ſeeks to make you Amends;
For this He ſues, and by His reſtleſſe Pen
Importunes Your deaf Ears to Treat agen.

Whilſt

Whilſt the proud Faction ſcorning to go leſſe,
Jan. 3. 1647. Return thoſe Trait'rous Votes of *Non Addreſs*,
Jan. 9. 1647. Which follow'd were by th'Armies thundring
To *Act without* and quite *againſt the King*.
Yet when that Clowd remov'd, and the clear Light,
Drawn from His weighty Reaſons, gave You ſight
Of Your own dangers, had not Their Intents
Colcheſter *Siege*. Retarded been by ſome croſſe Accidents;
Which for a while with fortunate Suſpenſe
Check'd or diverted Their ſwoln Inſolence:
When the whole Kingdom for a *Treaty* cry'd,
Which gave ſuch credit to Your falling ſide,
Jun. 30. 1648. That you *Recall'd thoſe Votes*, and God once more
Your Power to ſave the Kingdom did reſtore,
Treaty Voted July 28. 1648. Remember how Your peeviſh Treators ſate,
Not to make *Peace*, but to prolong Debate;
How You that precious time at firſt delay'd,
And what ill uſe of Your advantage made,
As if from Your foul hands God had decreed
Nothing but War and Miſchief ſhould ſucceed.
For when by eaſie Grants the Kings Aſſent
Did your deſires in greater things prevent,
When He did yield faſter than You intreat,
And more than Modeſty dares well repeat;
Yet not content with this, without all ſenſe,
Or of *His Honor* or *His Conſcience*,
Still you preſt on, till you too late deſcry'd,
'Twas now leſſe ſafe to ſtay than be deny'd.
For like a Flood broke looſe the Armed Rout,
Then Shut Him cloſer up, And Shut You out,
Who by juſt vengeance are ſince Worryed
By thoſe Hand-wolves You for His Ruine bred.

Thus

Thus like *Two ſmoaking Firebrands*, You and They
Have in this Smother choak'd the Kingdom's Day.
And as you rais'd Them firſt, muſt ſhare the Guilt,
With all the Blood in theſe Diſtractions ſpilt.
For though with *Sampſon*'s Foxes backward turn'd,
(When he *Philiſtia's* fruitful Harveſt burn'd)
The face of your opinions ſtands averſe,
All your Concluſions but one fire diſperſe;
And every Line which carries your Deſignes,
In the ſame Centre of Confuſion joyns.
Though then the *Independents* end the Work,
'Tis known they took their Platform from the *Kirk*;
Though *Pilate Bradſhaw* with his pack of Jews
God's High Vice-gerent at the Bar accuſe,
They but reviv'd the Evidence and Charge
Your poys'nous Declarations laid at large;
Though they condemn'd or made his Life their Spoil,
You were the Setters forc'd him to the Toil:
For you whoſe fatal hand the Warrant writ,
The Priſoner did for Execution fit.
And if their Ax invade the Regal Throat,
Remember you firſt murther'd Him by Vote.
Thus They receive Your Tennis at the bound,
Take off that Head which you had firſt Un-crown'd;
Which ſhews the Texture of our Miſchiefs Clew,
If ravel'd to the Top, begins in You,
Who have for ever ſtain'd the brave Intents
And Credit of our Engliſh Parliaments:
And in this One caus'd greater Ills, and more,
Than all of theirs did Good that went before.
Yet have you kept your word againſt Your will,
Your King is Great indeed and Glorious ſtill,

And you have made Him ſo. We muſt impute
That Luſtre which His Sufferings contribute
To your prepoſterous Wiſdoms, who have done
All your good Deeds by Contradiction:
For as to work His Peace you rais'd this Strife,
And often *Shot at Him* to *Save His Life*;
As you took from Him to Encreaſe His wealth,
And kept Him Pris'ner to ſecure His Health:
So in revenge of your diſſembled Spight,
In this laſt Wrong you did Him greateſt Right,
And (croſs to all you meant) by Plucking down
Lifted Him up to His *Eternal Crown.*

With This encircled in that radiant Sphear,
Where Thy black Murtherers muſt ne'r appear,
Thou from th'enthroned Martyrs Blood-ſtain'd Line,
Doſt in thy Vertues bright Example ſhine.
And when Thy darted Beam from the moiſt Sky
Nightly ſalutes Thy grieving Peoples Eye,
Thou like ſome Warning Light rais'd by our fears,
Shalt both provoke and ſtill ſupply our Tears:
Til the *Great Prophet* wak'd from his long ſleep
Again bids *Sion* for *Joſiah* weep:
That all Succeſſions by a *firm Decree*
May teach Their Children to lament for Thee.

Beyond theſe mournful Rites there is no Art
Or Charm can *Thee* preſerve. Thy better Part
Lives in deſpight of Death, and will endure
Kept ſafe in Thy unpattern'd *Portraicture*:
Which though in Paper drawn by thine own Hand,
Shall longer than *Corinthian-Marble* ſtand,
Or Iron Sculptures: There Thy matchleſſe Pen
Speaks Thee the BEST OF KINGS as BEST OF MEN:

Be

Be this Thy *Epitaph*: for This alone
Deſerves to carry Thy Inſcription.
And 'tis but modeſt Truth: (ſo may I thrive
As not to pleaſe the Beſt of Thine Alive,
Or flatter my *dead Maſter*, here would I
Pay my laſt Duty in a Gloriovs Ly)
In that *Admired Piece* the world may read
Thy Vertues and Misfortunes Storied;
Which bear ſuch curious Mixture, men muſt doubt
Whether Thou *wiſer* wert or *more Devout*.
There live Bleſt Relick of a Saint-like mind,
With Honors endleſſe, as Thy Peace Enſhrin'd.
Whilſt we, divided by that Bloody Clowd,
Whoſe purple Miſts Thy Murther'd Body ſhrowd,
Here ſtay behind at gaze: Apt for Thy ſake
Unruly murmurs now 'gainſt Heav'n to make,
Which binds us to Live well, yet gives no Fenſe
To guard her deareſt Sons from Violence.
But He whoſe Trump proclaims, *Revenge is Mine*,
Bids us our Sorrow by our Hope confine,
And reconcile our *Reaſon* to our *Faith*,
Which in Thy Ruine ſuch Concuſſions hath,
It dares Conclude, God does not keep His Word
If *Zimri die in Peace that ſlew his Lord*.

From my sad Retirement
March 11. 1648.

CAROLVS STVART REX ANGLIÆ SECVRE COESVS VITA CESSIT TRICESSIMO IANVARII. (1648)

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